THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

"But whom do I advise?—the fashion-led,
"The incorrigibly wrong, the deaf, the dead!" COWPER.

Philadelphia, 11 *mo.* 22, 1804.

FRIEND EASY,

AS peradventure I shall tarry here longer than I intended, let me commune a little with thee by letter. I hope thou art in good health, and in thy usual state of equable spirits. There is little here below, which deserveth that we should agitate ourselves therewith, nor is it marvellous that one who has seen so much of the world as thou hast, should sustain his mind in steadfastness and tranquility.

I have frequently seen thy sister, and also thy little daughter Louisa, who is now growing rapidly upwards, in robust health and spirits. Her mind is strengthening and expanding daily, and now is the time to guide her understanding, and instil the seeds of that knowledge which is essential to her real welfare here, and to her reception into a better state hereafter. Her aunt's tenderness, if not directed by thy advice, will bring forth evil rather than good. Thou knowest it has always been my opinion, that by proper management of our bodies during their growth, they may be fitted to the climate in which they are to live; and that it is better to be able to endure the season's inclemency, than to seek out inventions by which we may be shielded therefrom. Thy daughter's present appearance promiseth that she shall be a strong and healthy woman, but if so much attention is paid to the beauty of her complexion that on no account must it be endangered; then must health, and strength, and soundness of constitution, give place to pallid beauty, and sickly delicacy. Some portion of every day of our lives, from infancy to maturity, should be spent in the open air; but if she is kept all day in the house, lest the summer's sun should tan her face, or the evening and morning dews wet her feet; if she must not venture forth in a keen bracing frosty day, lest her lips should be chopped and her skin a little roughened; she may do very well for a fantastic and vapourish fine lady, but will never make a suitable wife for a plain, honest, industrious man, or the mother of healthy and well formed children.

But to be qualified to fulfil the duties of wives and mothers, seems not the chief object of modern education.—The inhabitants of our cities are growing rich faster than they are growing wise; and do not often give themselves much trouble to find out who are the fittest persons to be entrusted with their children, by what mode their opening minds shall be conducted, or what is most proper for them to learn: hence, too frequently all is entrusted to their teachers, who generally desire to teach what will bring them most money for teaching; and at fourteen or fifteen years old, Miss is returned to her parents, perfectly accomplished. She can read and write, she can draw sprigs and flowers, do tambour work a little, and perhaps filagree also; she can dance, and play tunes, and chatter French; what therefore remaineth to render her compleat? A knowledge of the mode and habits of extravagance are soon acquired; the seeds of vanity were sown at the boarding-school, Mamma deligtheth to speak of her beauty, the milliner tells how she becomes the most gaudy attire, how graceful is her carriage, and how she will shine at the ball. From novels she learneth all the fashions of the heart, how she ought to treat her lovers, and how to talk about taste, and feeling, and sensibility, and sympathy of soul, and many other sayings which the mouth speaketh and the heart knoweth not; while two or three sworn bosom friends, with whom she has just got acquainted, and who came into company a little before, teach her caprice and affectation. Then she comes forth invested with all the power of a grown lady, to think for herself, and to do as she pleases, to go where she pleases, to say what she pleases, and to flirt and coquet with whom she pleases.

This, friend Easy, is called education, and it is time thou shouldest consider whether thy daughter shall be brought up after this fashion; or whether some mode cannot be devised to render her a more proper help-mate and companion for a rational man.

Thy grand-father belonged to our society, as did thy father likewise, for a season, and I know thou also thinkest well of our principles: if thou wilt consider the manner in which our maidens are instructed, it will be found not unworthy of thy imitation. But, perhaps our raiment is too plain, and our manners too rigid for thy present taste? It may be that some of us strain simplicity too far, but that is better than to bestow all attention to the outward frame, to dazzle the eyes with vain finery, and only study to acquire modish manners and qualities, which last but for a season. Verily, I believe Solomon knew, and could describe the way a virtuous woman should be trained up, as well as any in our day; and I would have thee hearken unto his advice, because I regard thee, and thine, and am,

Thy Friend,

NATHAN SCRUPLE.

The subject of the foregoing letter from honest Nathan, has been often in my thoughts, nor do I know what is of more importance to the best interests of society. The respectability of, and estimation in which women are held, is always in proportion to the degrees of civilization and refinement; but when luxury and its train of fascinating allurements take possession of the mind, when the charms of unaffected modesty give place to the ostentatious glare of ornament, and purity is sacrificed to voluptuousness; then is the sex degraded from the exalted station Providence designed them to fill, and they become only the trifling objects of man's vanity, or the instruments of his meaner passions; instead of being his equal, his friend, his adviser, his partner in felicity, his solace in misfortune, his delight and his pride. Scruple has expressed himself with his accustomed plainness, his remarks do not generally apply, nor do I believe he intended them so to do; but the picture he has drawn will frequently find its archetype in real life; and when truth in gentle accents cannot insinuate herself into our good graces, her dictates should be reiterated so powerfully and constantly as to force attention, however unwilling we may be to hear them. That too much regard is paid to exterior graces, and superficial accomplishment; while useful knowledge and solid acquirements are in as great a degree neglected, cannot be denied: that to attract attention by splendor and elegance of dress, to shine at an assembly, and be conspicuous in the drawing-room; excites more ambition than such secondary matters deserve, is confirmed by every day's observation: that too many young ladies display their charms to every licencious eye, and seem more desirous to inflame the passions, and call forth the compliments of a croud of silly flatterers, than to command the esteem of worthy men, and inspire them with a delicate, respectful and honourable affection; is seriously to be lamented, and I hope not impossible to be reformed.

To do justice to the fair, to uphold their real dignity, and to shield them from reproach, is the office of every true man of gallantry; every man who possesses a spark of that noble chivalrous spirit which glowed in the bosoms of our forefathers, must feel a generous enthusiasm in their cause, and with indignant frown will check every insidious or direct attempt to lessen them in his estimation. The excellence of their natures, and the strength of their faculties, when equally cultivated, are not at all inferior to our own; their ability to fathom the depth of science, their heroic virtue, their fortitude in suffering, their patience in calamity, their soothing tenderness, and unshaken constancy; may be proved by many illustrious examples. And the testimony of LEDYARD, the celebrated traveller, is as favourable to them as honourable to himself; he spoke from correct observation and extensive experience; he had seen the greater part of the habitable globe, and had opportunities of examining their conduct. when undisguised, uninfluenced and unbiassed; in all situations and in all climates. "To a woman," says he, "whether civilized or savage, I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship—without receiving a decent and friendly answer;—with man it has been often otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable *Denmark*, thro' honest *Sweden*, and frozen *Lapland*, rude and churlish *Finland*, unprincipled *Russia*, and the wide spread regions of the wandering *Tartar*,—if hungry, dry, cold, wet or sick, the women have ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue (so worthy of the appellation of benevolence) their actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that if I was thirsty, I drank the sweetest draught, and if hungry, I ate the coarse meal with a double relish."

Let us therefore endeavour to convince them that we have their real interests at heart, that we are ambitious to deserve their confidence, and prove ourselves worthy to be their protectors and their guides.

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ERRATUM.—*In our last number, 27th line of page 21, for* truths *read* tenets.

The following, is a specimen of that correctness and simplicity of style, that energy of thought, and strength of argument which characterised the principal writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; before book manufactories were so numerous, and before the frothy bubbles of the new philosophy had been blown over the face of the earth. GLANVIL on Witchcraft and Apparitions, was a book much celebrated in its day; and the credulity of its author may be readily excused when we consider that this belief was by no means uncommon in the age in which he lived; but when we find that his prime object was to defend the great principles of Christian theology, (viz.) the divinity of CHRIST, the immortality of the soul, and a future state of rewards and punishments, which he thought endangered by those who positively denied the appearance of departed spirits, &c. he is surely entitled to the praise due to every well meaning man. And if his defence of Witchcraft is not allowed to be solid, yet the answer he has given to the cavillers against miracles, is strong enough to silence the most impudent and cunning infidel of our own *illuminated* times.

The belief of *Witches*, and the wonderful things they are said to perform by the help of the *Confederate Dæmons* weakens our faith, and exposeth the world to infidelity in the great matters of our religion. For if they, by diabolical assistance, can inflict and cure diseases, and do things so much beyond the comprehension of our philosophy, and activity of common nature; what assurance can we have, that the miracles that confirm our gospel were not the effects of a compact of like nature, and that devils were not cast out by Beelzebub? if evil spirits can assume bodies, and render themselves visible in human likeness; what security can we have of the reality of the resurrection of Christ? and if, by their help, witches can enter chambers invisibly through key-holes and little unperceived crannies, and transform themselves at pleasure; what arguments of divinity are there in our Saviour's shewing himself in the midst of his disciples, when the doors were shut, and his transfiguration on the mount? Miracles are the great inducements of belief, and how shall we distinguish a miracle from a lying wonder; a testimony from heaven, from a trick of the angels of hell; if they can perform things that astonish and confound our reasons, and are beyond all the *possibilities* of human nature? This objection is spiteful and mischievous; but I thus endeavour to dispatch it.

1. The wonders done by confederacy with wicked spirits, cannot derive a suspicion upon the undoubted miracles that were wrought by the author and promulgers of our religion, as if they were performed by diabolical compact, since their spirit, endeavours, and designs, were notoriously contrary to all the tendencies, aims, and interests of the kingdom of darkness. For, as to the life and temper of the blessed and adorable JESUS, we know there was an incomparable sweetness in his nature, humility in his manners, calmness in his temper, compassion in his miracles, modesty in his expressions, holiness in all his actions, hatred of vice and baseness, and love to all the world; all which are essentially contrary to the nature and constitution of apostate spirits, who abound in pride and rancour, insolence and rudeness, tyranny and baseness, universal malice, and hatred of men. And their designs are as opposite, as their spirit and their genius. And now, can the sun borrow its light from the bottomless abyss? Can heat and warmth flow in upon the world from the regions of snow and ice? Can fire freeze, and water burn? Can natures, so infinitely contrary, communicate, and jump in projects that are destructive to each others known interests? Is there any balsom in the cockatrice's egg? Or, can the spirit of life flow from the venom of the asp? Will the prince of darkness strengthen the arm that is stretched out to pluck his usurped sceptre, and his spoils from him? and will he lend his legions, to assist the armies of his enemy against him? No, these are impossible supposals; no intelligent being will industriously and knowingly contribute to the contradiction of its own principles, the defeature of its purposes, and the ruin of its own dearest interests. There is no fear then, that our faith should receive prejudice from the acknowledgment of the being of witches, and power of evil spirits, since 'tis not the doing wonderful things that is the only evidence that the holy JESUS was from God, and his doctrine true; but the conjunction of other circumstances, the holiness of his life, the reasonableness of his religion, and the excellency of his designs, added credit to his works, and strengthened the great conclusion, that he could be no other than the son of God, and Saviour of the world. But besides, I say,

2. That since infinite wisdom and goodness rules the world, it cannot be conceived, that they should give up the greatest part of men to unavoidable deception. And if evil angels by their confederates are permitted to perform such astonishing things, as seem so evidently to carry GOD's seal and power with them, for the confirmation of falshoods, and gaining credit to impostors, without any counter-evidence to disabuse the world; mankind is exposed to sad and fatal delusion. And to say that Providence will suffer us to be deceived in things of the greatest concernment, when we use of the best of our cares and endeavours to prevent it, is to speak hard things of GOD; and in affect to affirm, that He hath nothing to do in the government of the world, or doth not concern himself in the affairs of poor forlorn men. And if the pro-

vidence and goodness of God be not a security unto us against such deceptions, we cannot be assured, but that we are always abused by those mischievous agents, in the objects of plain sense, and in all the matters of our daily converses. If one that pretends he is immediately sent from God, to overthrow the ancient fabric of established worship, and to erect a new religion in His name, shall be born of a virgin, and honored by a miraculous star; proclaimed by a song of seeming angels of light, and worshipped by the wise sages of the world; revered by those of the greatest austerity, and admired by all for a miraculous wisdom, beyond his education and his years: if he shall feed multitudes with almost nothing, and fast himself beyond all the possibilities of nature: if he shall be transformed into the appearance of extraordinary glory, and converse with departed prophets in their visible forms: If he shall cure all diseases without physic or endeavour, and raise the dead to life after they have stunk in their graves: if he shall be honored by voices from heaven, and attract the universal wonder of princes and people: if he shall allay tempests with a beck, and cast out devils with a word; if he shall foretell his own death particularly, with its tragical circumstances, and his resurrection after it: if the veil of the most famous temple in the world shall be rent, and the sun darkened at his funeral: if he shall within the time foretold, break the bonds of death, and lift up his head out of the grave: if multitudes of other departed souls shall arise with him, to attend at the solemnity of his resurrection: if he shall after death, visibly converse, and eat and drink with divers persons, who could not be deceived in a matter of clear sense, and ascend in glory in the presence of an astonished and admiring multitude; I say, if such a one as this should prove a diabolical impostor, and Providence should permit him to be so credited and acknowledged; what possibility were there then for us to be assured, that we are not always deceived? yea, that our very faculties were not given us only to delude and abuse us?

THE TRIFLER—No. III.

How soon every thing in this world is over!—Does not this indicate that life will soon be at an end?

Time is so short, except to the lazy and miserable, that the reflection becomes painful, and disagreeable on that account.

Breakfast, dinner, supper, and bed—breakfast, dinner, supper, and bed—breakfast, dinner, supper, and bed—and so on to the end of the chapter.——(What a sameness!)

These words, like the pulsations of the heart, beat as regular as a clock; except in those variations which are discernable in both. Now in the lazy they are slow—and sure ——(breakfast——dinner——supper——and——bed.) In the miserable they are at unequal distances; and are doubtful—(breakfast——dinner—supper—-and——-bed.) But in the busy and the merry they are as quick as thought—(breakfast dinner supper, breakfast dinner supper, breakfast dinner supper—O there is hardly room for bed to creep in at any rate!—except now and then, by way of amusement, or so.

I remember an old lady at an inn, a very *notable body*. who gave me exquisite pleasure for two or three days, while I was a kind of an idler at her house in the country. 'Tis to her the world will be indebted for many excellent observations I made upon the vanities of this life, the emptiness of our pursuits, and the impertinence of pride and pomposity in man.

As this lady was the mistress of the house, and saw into every thing that was done, she did not sit down ten minutes at a time during the whole day. She was continually running about—first into the kitchen—then into the bar—then into the parlour—and, except in scolding the maids a bit, I could not conceive whereabout her pleasure lay.

With her, breakfast, dinner, and supper, were very quick indeed! for she had much ado to provide them fast enough, so that her whole life was nothing but a scene of breakfast, dinner, and supper—breakfast, dinner, and supper—breakfast, dinner, and supper—until these *manœuvres*, with the pulse, varied—fluttered—stopped——that's all.

Now I think the life and death of this industrious old lady, who got up, got breakfast, got dinner, got supper, and got to bed—got up, got breakfast, got dinner, got supper, and got to bed—and so on—without the least difference any day in the year, make a very fine *trait* of the vast importance, dignity, and significancy of human concerns.

The lazy are got up, they do not get breakfast, but they eat it—they do not get dinner, but they eat it—they do not get supper, but they eat it—they are got to bed, and dose the tedious night away!

The drunkards rise heavily. They neither get their breakfasts, nor can they eat—their pulses flag—they are nervous—and 'tis long till dinner comes. They pick a bit, and get drunk—they cannot sup, but get drunk—they plunge to bed, and snore, offensive, the darksome, dismal hours along!

The merry get up, and laugh—they breakfast, and laugh—they dine, and laugh—they sup, and laugh—they go to bed, and sleep!

The miserable get up, and weep—they breakfast, and weep—they dine, and weep—they sup, and weep—they go to bed, but cannot sleep!

The busy get up, and work—they breakfast, and work—they dine, and work—they sup, and go to bed.——God speed their labours, say I.

Critics! I beg you will not be angry with me, for being a little facetious now and then, as I ramble through the rough and thorny paths, which, whatever you may think of it, lead to virtue.

These little, light, airy particles, which are every where scattered on the way, only serve to render the road agreeable and pleasant, which otherwise would be offensive and intolerable. Why should not the dose be made palatable? Indeed there needs much of the honey and balsam, to sweeten the bitter draught of instruction—and none have done more service to human kind than those who have known how to mix it properly.—"Aye, there's the rub."

[The intelligent man, possessed of literary taste, wants not persuasion; but knows when and what to read.

The indolent, or the vicious, must be invited, often invited—and if you put in his way the moral hook, bait it well; "steal the moral to his heart"—Make him pleased with virtue in a pleasing shape; and in love with industry as he loves his health.]

If the industrious man reads, it is for amusement—and the writer who can entertain, at the same time that he instructs, and has the *luck* to get acquainted with him, will ever meet with his applause and countenance.

Witness, oh! witness, the delightful STERNE. I never read his "*Sentimental Journey*," but I enter into his exquisite feelings, and find myself the better man for them: and notwithstanding his whimsical insinuations with respect to the Fille de Chambre, at Paris, I stop short with him in the story, and wish (with as much fervour as his Uncle Toby exclaimed, in the sincerity of his heart, Le Fevre "shall not die, by ——") that blasted may be the hopes of the villain, who would attempt to injure that virtue, that innocence, that simplicity, and those charms, which could raise in me such sweet and tender emotions!

FOR THE COMPANION.

We doubt not but LEANDER has a meaning in the following communication, which he intends some *particular* person shall understand; it is therefore admitted, but we hope his next will be more *generally* interesting.

TO ANNA.

You may recollect, my dear friend, the conversation which took place the other evening on the nature and cause of dreaming—I gave it as my opinion, that the pursuits and studies of the day were in a great measure the cause—you were of a different way of thinking, and imputed it rather to the soul's being released from the body and left to act at its will, and visiting wherever inclination led it, occasioned that happiness we sometimes feel, superior to reality, when all our sensations lay dormant—I left you with a determination to dream of you if possible, and imagining that to think on nothing else but yourself was the best method to insure it, I drove every other subject from my mind, and your image alone occupied my thoughts—When I arrived at home, I found the family had all retired—I took a chair and drawing it close to the fire, suffered my imagination to wander at its will—A few chunks still warm'd the hearth, and all was silent save the chirping cricket, and the faint call of the distant watchman—I seemed to have forgotten all else but you, and no other thought intruded—my mind reverted to the days of our infancy, and the many little sports we have engaged in, in those hours of innocence and sweet symplicity—In this situation I insensibly fell asleep. The first thing I remember was, that I found myself walking over a beautiful plain. On my right was an extensive grove of fruit trees, and on the left, as far as the eye could reach was one universal garden, enriched with all the varieties of a vernal season—After viewing this delightful prospect, I turned and entered the grove—the trees were in full bloom, and shook their fragrance on the passing breeze, while a thousand strains of harmony were warbled from their boughs—It is impossible for me to tell you how I felt—I experienced all the rapture imaginable, and contemplated with indefinable delight, this Paradise of new creation— I had no way of accounting for my strangeness of situation—all I was sensible of was, that I was there, and surrounded with innumerable beauties, while on every hand some new enchantment presented itself to add to my wonder—As I stood there wrapt in extacy I was startled with the sound of footsteps, and looking round, beheld upwards of a dozen females approaching me—They were dressed in white, and had the most bewitching countenances I ever beheld—They now joined hands and running up to me, began making apologies for their inattention in suffering me to remain so long alone—It would not have been thus, said a beautiful little creature, but we have been busy in preparing for the reception of an expected sister, who still lingers in that abode of sorrow, the earth—Seeing me look surprised, she continued: You must know that you are now no longer an inhabitant of that place—that you have escaped all the troubles, pains and cares that afflict below,

and have come to join us, where all is joy, and where nothing shall ever more distress you, provided you attend to those rules which in time shall be laid before you—She then proceeded to inform me, that I was the only one of my sex amongst them—but come, continued she laughing, you have no doubt a curiosity to know further, and we will now lead you to the rest of our company—They conducted me, all astonishment, through many delightful scenes, and sung with the most enchanting voices, a hundred little lays of love—We now arrived at a large and commodious mansion which fronted the grove we had just left—I was led into a spacious appartment—a range of females, such as I have before described stood waiting our approach, and welcomed me by a hundred little civilities—I was so transported with extacy that I threw myself on my knees before them, and protested that I was the happiest person that ever existed, and would not exchange my situation for all the kingdoms on earth—You are welcome, my dear young friend, said the same lovely creature who before addressed me: you are welcome, and it gives us pleasure to hear your protestations of affection, and we hope that you may hereafter prove yourself worthy of our kindest regard—You seem surprised at seeing none of your sex here—but be assured it is not our fault—but a further knowledge of this will depend on your own conduct—If your heart is good, you are sure of remaining with us, and here your bliss will never have an end.—Can you be true to your promises, and contented in the choice we shall allow you to make? Or are you like the most of your sex, fond of variety and fickle in disposition? Look around you; on every hand you behold beauty.—Should we allow you to choose from this company a companion, would you accept our proffer on the conditions of vowing eternal fidelity to her alone?—But remember, you have but once to choose—after that you must never think of retracting—nor look for any familiarity from the rest.—If you are wise, you will not hesitate a moment on these terms—they are all handsome, of good dispositions, and young. What say you? What can I say? I replied, in answer to your offers of kindness, but that I am yours forever! Do with me whatever you please. I was now bid to proceed in my choice. Singular feelings accompanied this business. To shew a preference, appeared to me, not right—and yet had they not allowed me this priviledge?—After viewing them for some time I at length determined, and with many professions of gratitude and constancy, led forth my little charmer.—Never did any one feel happier than myself, nor was ever, I thought, a more lovely girl, than the bride of my selection.—She appeared now ten times more beautiful than before, and every moment added some new charm to delight me—From this hour I became the happiest of beings.—It is true I had no intercourse with the rest, nor indeed did I desire it—I was rich, in the idea that I possessed the affections of the most lovely amongst them, and cared for nothing but to love her and be happy.—The time had now arrived that was to introduce to us the expected sister whom I before mentioned—She at length appeared, and at her approach the blossoms blushed a deeper die—the little inhabitants of the grove, warbled forth a sweeter strain of harmony, and all was love and delight —You are welcome, beauteous Anna, said I (for indeed it was no other than yourself) and may a thousand joys be yours—You gave me one of those sweet smiles which are so natural to you, and with that smile began my unhappiness—From that moment I became discontented with every thing.—In vain were now the smiles and caresses of my companion—they rather added to than diminished my gloom, and the charms which I thought unequaled soon lost their power to please.—But to her had I paid my vows, and I was but too sensible they could not be broken.—You, I thought, saw and pitied my situation, and I only waited a favorable opportunity to unburthen my woes.—In this state of wretchedness I was informed that another of my own sex had just been received and was approaching—judge of my surprise when I beheld Alonzo—The last time I had seen him, he was pale, and still cherished a hopeless passion—I was now the first to bid him welcome, and observed with pleasure the great alteration in his appearance—He was immediately examined and allowed the same privilege with myself in making choice from amongst you—It was not until now that I felt my real situation—I had not a doubt as to the object he would fix on, and envied the happiness he was about to experience; altho' I could not but cherish a hope that I might be mistaken, tho' bound by every tie from ever possessing you, yet I could not calmly see you belong to another, and contented myself with a hope that I should not witness it.—But when I saw him actually approach you—when I saw your extended hand meet his, I lost sight of every thing, and forgetful of my situation, ran between you, exclaiming you shall not have her! Indeed you shall not!—My exclamations awoke me, and I went to bed, happy enough to find I had only been dreaming.

LEANDER.

EXTRACTS.

DUMB CREATURES.

All the notice that we lords of the creation vouchsafe to bestow on DUMB CREATURES, is generally to abuse

them. It is well, therefore, that here and there a man should be found a little womanish, or perhaps a little childish, in this matter, who will make some amends, by kissing and coaxing, and laying them in one's bosom. You remember the little ewe lamb, mentioned by the prophet Nathan: the prophet perhaps invented the tale, for the sake of its application to David's conscience; but it is more probable, that God inspired him with it for that purpose. If he did, it amounts to a proof that he does not overlook, but, on the contrary, much notices such little particularities as kindnesses to his *dumb* creatures, as we, because we articulate, are pleased to call them.

TATLERS.

How many are there of these, who, always busy, always eager to search out the faults of their neighbours, arraign them without mercy, to their own judgment—while a truly good mind may be known by its charity and candour; it remembers that "to punish human errors is the province of Heaven;" and that, where candour cannot excuse, humanity drops a tear over human weakness.

FROM LEWIS'S COMIC SKETCHES.

There are some performers, who are ever studying to take an audience by surprise, with introducing what they call *some new stroke of acting*. And it must be allowed, some have successfully raised their celebrity by such endeavours. It is however, strange, that in this enlightened age, any mode of acting, contrary to the directions of the immortal bard, Shakespeare, should ever succeed. "Suit the action to the word," &c.

An actor at Edinburgh was remarkably attached to this new mode of acting. Hamlet being performed for a charity benefit, and the stage crouded by all ranks and descriptions, he, as the hero, on the appearance of the ghost, made his tragedy start, struck off his hat in a most pantomimical manner, and began in the usual way—

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us,"

A Scotch pedlar, standing just behind him, took up his hat, saying—"Hoot awa mon! donna fash your noddle! but keep your bonnet on your heed; for gin he bee your faither's spirit, the de'el a my saul mon, he won'd na wish you to get cold, Sir."

This so disconcerted the poor actor, that, instead of addressing the ghost, as he should have done, he turned about and fixed his eyes upon the pedlar—and continued—

"Be thou a spirit or goblin dam'd," &c.

"Damn your gooblins!" said Sawney; "to the reeght about, mon, and mind your business; for gin ye mak a gooblin or a de'el o' me, the de'el dom my saul, but I'll crack your croon."

Thus was the most beautiful passage of the play, and the pleasure of the whole entertainment destroyed by *a new stroke of acting*.

ANECDOTIC GLEANINGS.

"A well-chosen anecdote, frequently reveals a character more happily than an elaborate dilineation, as a glance of lightning will sometimes discover what had escaped us in a full light." D'ISRAELI.

When General V— was quartered in a small town in Ireland, he and his lady were regularly besieged whenever they got into their carriage, by an old beggar woman who kept her post at the door, assailing them daily with fresh importunities and fresh tales of distress. At last, the lady's charity and the general's patience were nearly exhausted, but their petitioner's wit was still in its pristine vigour. One morning at the accustomed hour, when the lady was getting into her carriage, the old woman begun—"Agh! my lady: success to your ladyship, and success to your honours honour, this morning, of all the days in the year, for sure didn't I dream last night, that her ladyship gave me a pound of *ta*, and that your honour gave me a pound of tobacco?"

"But, my good woman," said the general, "do not you know that dreams always go by the rule of contrary?"

"Do they so, *plase* your honour?" rejoined the old woman; "then it must be your honour that will give me the *ta*, and her ladyship that will give me the tobacco."

The general being of Sterne's opinion, that a *bon mot* is always worth something, even more than a pinch of snuff, gave the ingenious dreamer the value of her dream.

PRAY AGAIN.

"No rain yet, Master," said the farmer scratching his head.

"No," replied the parson, "I am sorry to find that our prayers are not heard."

"Main unlucky, to be sure, let's see, how many times have you done it?"

"Three times" was the answer.

"Three times! Well, well, never mind," said the farmer, "we'll at 'em again next Sunday."

A WATCHFUL SHEPHERD.

A reverend divine, being accused of negligence in his calling, and styled *an unfaithful shepherd*, from scarcely ever visiting his flock, defended himself by saying—"he was always with them at the *shearing time*."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE LOVER.

Once I heard a little sprite
  Whisper softly in my ear;
With a voice of sweet delight,
  "See, oh! see, your lover's near."

Conscious of my blushing joy,
  Trembling, round I cast my eye;
While I heard the Paphian boy
  Still repeat, "your lover's nigh."

Onward as he urg'd his way,
  Cupid winging far his flight;
Wanton, bade my lover say,
  Oh! be mine, be mine to night! x.

THE ARCADIAN LOVERS.

"Pretty Sheperdess I love thee!"
  Colin once was heard to say;
"If my Emma can approve me,
  How I'll bless the happy day."

"Say, in yonder dismal glade,
  Must your Colin ever weep?"
Poo! Poo! cried the fretful maid,
  Get you gone, and mind your sheep. x.

Lines written in the spring of 1803, *to a young lady of Baltimore county, at that time in the city.*

Ah! listen to thy rural poet's lay,
Who humbly wooes thee to a quick return;
Nor while the season makes all nature gay,
Let him alone, sweet Mary's absence mourn.

No more let dissipation's giddy whirl,
Nor town delights, the thoughtless Mary please;
But smiling spring recall the lovely girl,
To rural scenes of innocence and ease.

Bethink thee, Mary, of thy wasted time!
Bethink thee, Mary, of thy wasting health!
Ah! be persuaded by my rustic rhyme,
Nor seek for peace amid the glare of wealth.

Come, breathe a softer, purer, healthier air;
And let me, far from noisy dusty streets,
"Pluck fairest flow'rs to deck thy" jetty "hair,
"And thy lov'd bosom, which improves their sweets."

TIBULLUS.

TO ELIZA.

Begone, ye fond visions, I ne'er will believe—
  Your smiles and your promises now are in vain;
No longer shall love my sad bosom deceive,
  Nor Hope's cheating whispers delude it again.

The world with its follies, I now can forsake,
  Without one vain wish any longer to rove;
And calmly sequester'd, for ever I'll take,
  A farewell, Eliza, to thee and to love.

Those lips which with rapture I've so often press'd
  That form so angelic, I once did adore,
Those looks which forever could render me bless'd
  Have all prov'd deceitful, and charm me no more.

Then hence, ye fond visions! I ne'er will believe—
  Your smiles and your promises now are in vain;
No longer shall love my sad bosom deceive,
  Nor Hope's cheating whispers delude it again.

LEANDER.

SONG.

From noise and folly let me flee,
  To simple nature's calm retreat;
I find no charms in luxury,
  I envy not the rich or great;
    Friendship and love
    Are far above
All joys for which mankind contend—
  Of happiness, sure man may boast,
Contented with his girl and friend.

His wishes few, he knows no fears,
  Content's an inmate of his cot;
The voice of love and friendship hears,
  "List'ning, the world is all forgot;"
    His children see,
    And climb his knee,
For smiles and favors, oft contend;
  His countenance does well express
His pleasure, to his girl and friend.

Should Sorrow chance to touch his heart,
  (And who is free from her controul?)
Friendship and love each bear a part,
  And whisper comfort to his soul;
    He grieves no more,
    His sorrow's o'er;
Then with what joy doth he commend
  Those kind endearments which still more
Unite him to his girl and friend.

In peace he climbs the hill of life,
  Delighted as he journies on;
In virtue's path seclude from strife,
  'Till age doth gently lead him down:
    And when pale death
    Demands his breath,
When time with him on earth shall end;
  He dies in peace with scarce a wish
But for his children, girl and friend.

SOLUS.

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